

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
JESSY EVELIN.

BY A  
YOUNG LADY.

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D U B L I N:

Printed for the AUTHORESS,

By W. SLEATER, No. 51, Castle-street.

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M.DCC.LXXXVI.

MISS TORY

OF

JESSY EVELIN



MISS TORY  
JESSY EVELIN  
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AUG 30 1860



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*Arthur* THE *High*  
HISTORY  
OF  
JESSY EVELIN, &c.

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CHAPTER THE FIRST.

*Oft in humble Station dwells  
Unboastful worth.*

CONFUCIUS hath said, The crime is not in the error, but in not endeavouring to subdue the error; — Prompted by this just remark, the Editor presumes to lay the following Narrative, unillustrated by fiction and fraught with ingenuoufness, before a candid publick: humbly trusting it may strike the young and thoughtless with an important lesson, and, in the end, blight untoward passions.

In ——— Shire, resided the Family of the Evelins, consisting of the Parents, and one daughter; the pride of both their hearts. Their retreat was simply pleasing, a small house, consisting of one story; the remains of a gothic structure, half covered with creeping ivy, which formed an agreeable contrast with the white walls; a row of tall poplars, irregularly planted along the lawn, formed a shelter from the beams of the sun; while a small meandering stream glided before the door, and lost itself in the labyrinth of an umbrageous grove — a lofty hill reared its pendent sides at a distance, and its summit was crown'd with the village-church, of which Mr. Evelin was curate; the salary that arose from this, with a little patrimony of thirty pounds a year, composed his



his whole income:—But he and his amiable wife had long learned to moderate their desires within this narrow stipend; contented and resigned they passed their days; little they had to give, yet that little was distributed with discernment, and cheerfulness; — Mr. Evelin frequently saying, The widow's mite was not rejected:—The peasants taught their infants to lisp his name with blessings. His presence ever diffused pleasure equal to that we should receive from a benevolent Angel.—He constantly attended the sick; he cheered the bed of death; he alleviated the horrors of guilt; he softened the terrors of the dismayed, by perusing the Records of Mercy, in the sacred Volume of Heaven, dwelling on that passage,

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which

6      The HISTORY of

which says, A broken and contrite spirit will I accept.

At his controul,——

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

GOLDSMITH.

Jeffy was the darling of their hearts, the sweetest blossom of indulgent Heaven, fair in her form, lovely in her mind, tenderly susceptible of every human woe.—She was now about sixteen, tall and gracefully made—Her countenance enlivened with the smile of innocence and bloom of health, her eyes beaming the sensibility of her mind, each feature breathing complacence and virtue.—Her education had been liberal, delightful solace of her parents! instilling instruction; watching her expanding passions,



passions, and leading them into a proper bias: they encouraged the sprightliness of youth, when governed by prudence; they considered it the sweetner of life.

Jessy was early habituated by her mother to the domestic duties of life; their occupations were conducted by the strictest regularity.

Each morning the whole family (consisting of themselves, a little maid and a man who served in the various capacities of gardener, labourer, &c. &c.) were assembled to attend Mr. Evelin, who constantly read prayers; after which they breakfasted: he then went his daily rounds to the sick and needy, administering comfort and peace, and spent the remainder of the day occupied in his studies or little domestic

mesne, superintending the labours of his peasants, or projecting some improvement which might contribute to his convenience, or please his wife or Jessy; whose time passed in the same profitable manner. At dinner, they again met; frugality and temperance presided at their meal; the toils of the day being over, they retired to their favourite spot in their small garden, a bower composed by Jessy of aromatic shrubs: here sometimes they refreshed themselves with the luxury of tea; while Jessy played on her guittar and joined her wild notes to those of the feathered tribe; delighted, the parents would listen with rapture, which only paternal breasts could feel; the evening closed in prayers, when they repaired to their happy pillows; serene were their slumbers, innocent their thoughts:

thoughts: such were the family of the Evelins, a family of peace and undisturbed harmony.

**D**URING the summer, Jessy was indulged with the recreation of attending a dancing school, in an adjacent village, three times a week, accompanied by a party of her female friends; here she acquired a peculiar air of graceful nets, and possessing an elegant figure and unusual flow of spirits, she was excelled by no young competitor. Her innocent and virtuous character was over them the object for admiration.

## CHAPTER

intended to her the prize of dancing. The school was held in a room, so situated as to be easily accessible to all. Little does it predominate to wit, esteem—be assured, ye fair, it is the true

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

*The tender heart is animated peace.*

THOMPSON.

DURING the summer, Jeffy was indulged with the recreation of attending a dancing-school, in an adjacent village, three times a week, accompanied by a party of her rural friends; here she acquired a peculiar air of gracefulness, and possessing an elegant figure and natural flow of liveliness, quickly excelled her young competitors; her innocent timidity prevented her from perceiving the advantage she had gained over them; tho' adored for her sweetness, they would when vying have surrendered to her the prize of dancing.

So efficacious is affability, so powerfully does it predominate to win esteem—Be assured, ye fair, it is the  
true



true *cestus* for charming—a youthful female, beaming complacence, who can resist?

Jessy had just concluded her minuet one evening, and was returning to her seat; when raising her eyes she beheld an elegant, tho' unknown young man conversing with her master, from whose gestures it appeared as if she was the object of his conversation, as he often directed his looks towards her, evidently fraught with admiration—nor was this suggestion false—she really was the topick of his discourse——In a few moments her master led him to her seat, and presented him to her for her partner in the country-dances, as it was customery for him to pair his scholars, the young stranger seemed delighted on leading Jessy to join the festive set.

Her

Her natural bloom was heightened by the raptures and ardent glances of the young stranger; never before had she received compliments clothed in so courtly a guise, delivered with such fluency and enticing insinuation.— That quickness with which she used to answer her humble village-partners, was lost in her embarrassment: she blushed, she trembled, she hesitated to reply, and diffidence gave her ten thousand additional charms.

Yet notwithstanding her confusion, she felt an involuntary reluctance, when the dancing broke up for the night—Her partner followed her with his eyes; the village was at but an inconsiderable distance from her habitation; yet during the little walk, the conversation turned on the delectable stranger; so elegant a figure had never before

before graced their parties; each delivered their opinion of him, and all concurred in praising his address and demeanour.

Jessy's heart too warmly concurred in their encomiums; her parents, as usual, enquired her partner; she blush'd for the first time on informing them, and could scarcely reply He was a stranger. When she retired to her chamber, she sat revolving the affiduities he paid her: the review was too pleasing; her slumbers were not serene as usual—the image of the charming stranger haunted her dreams—she arose with the lark, and taking a book, entered the garden—all Nature looked revived by the renovating dew, which sparkled like orient pearl on the grass.—She sat down in her favorite bower; she opened the book, read a few passages;  
 B lages;

sages; she could not proceed; and putting it in her pocket, sauntered thro' the walks; she stop'd at the woodbine-hedge, which enclosed the garden; she leaned upon it, admiring the distant landscape; the whole country promising a luxuriant harvest to reward the farmer's toils;

*And bread to himself and children bear.*

She heard footsteps advancing; a voice saluted her; it was Alexis, a neighbouring youth fraught with ruddy health; and in his bosom bearing each inestimable virtue of his race—he loved, long loved the gentle Jeffy; his bashful diffidence prevented him from confessing what he felt, nor could language utter half the tenderness of his guiltless heart.

He stop'd, delighted, and address'd her with the salutations of the morning



## JESSY EVELIN. 15

—a little rose was peeping its blushing head from under the hedge; Alexis pulled it wet with balmy dew; he presented it to Jessy. His labourers appeared hastening to his fields; they demanded his presence; he took one glance to sweeten the ensuing toils, and departed.

Jessy looked after him: Ah, cried she, what a difference is there between Alexis and my partner; she flung away the rose he gave her.

The young stranger had given her a sprig of myrtle; she put it in water the moment she came home, and in the morning placed it in her bosom, admiring its uncommon fragrance.

Jessy's father now called her to prayers; the succeeding occupations kept her employed till evening, when

her mother remarked her dejection: Jeffy blushed at the observation, and willing to escape further notice, said, She would call on one of her friends; the fond parents, ever indulgent to her wishes, acquiesced; she put on her hat, and went to the house of her most favoured companion.

Here she met a number of girls, and the conversation turned on the young stranger; they artlessly expressed their impatience for the ensuing evening, when they hoped and expected to meet him.

Jeffy experienced inconceivable delight at the idea of again beholding him; she returned home perfectly recovered from her dejection, which her parents now attributed to fatigue; they parted that night in their usual harmony of spirits.

C H A P T E R.

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

*Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.*

THOMPSON.

THE ardently-desired evening at length arrived; Jessy took unusual pains in placing her little ornaments advantageously, and disposing her glossy ringlets; and tho' not in the least inclined to vanity, she could not forbear glancing a look of self-approbation at the faithful mirror which represented her, as she really was, adorned with every charm of youth and innocence—the fond parents' countenances displayed their admiration—the enraptured mother again beheld her charms blooming in this fair resemblance; happy in their approbation, and the thoughts of seeing the young stranger, Jessy repaired to the ball-room.

Nor were her expectations disappointed; again she beheld him; he gained her hand, and again renewed his insinuating declarations; unknown to dissimulation, she could scarcely controul the sensations that heaved her breast.

She learned her partner's title, a young baronet, Sir William Stenton; his rank perhaps encreased the involuntary delight she received from his attentions.

On the dancing being concluded for the night, she was covered with confusion, Sir William requesting permission to attend her home; she could not refuse; she knew not how to accept this proposal; she stammered out a reply, which he construed into consent.

The



The night was fine, the Moon having rose in unclouded majesty, while thousands of stars cast their twinkling radiance thro' the blue expanse; not a sound disturbed the serenity, save a melancholy melodious note of Philomels.—Jessy's young companions, delighted at the honour resulting from Sir William's attendance and each taking it to herself (as he had the art of not appearing in their eyes particular to Jessy) lingered out the walk.

Jessy was uncommonly silent; their thoughtless volubility sufficiently supplied this deficiency; when they stopt at the house, Jessy thought common politeness required her to ask him in, artful and deeply designing, however, he thwarted his inclination, and refused; but begged leave to wait  
on

on her the next morning.—Jeffy could not refuse so reasonable a request; she court'ied, compliance; the door was opened by the little maid, and he disappeared.

Jeffy now acquainted her parents with his desire of visiting her; something too flattering to be described arose in their partial minds; at this information, they looked on each other, then on Jeffy; her artless charms, her innocent gaiety, all conspired to excite pleasing ideas.

They longed for the approaches of morning, when they should behold a person for whom they had conceived a predilection.

Mrs. Evelin followed Jeffy to her apartment: she listened again with evident rapture to those attentions Sir William paid her; she communicated

cated them to her husband, and they spent their night in enchanting ideas of Jessy's future fortune.

She was roused from her first slumbers by the sound of a soft flute playing under her window, which looked into the lawn;—she started from her bed, and gently drawing back the window-curtains, discovered the musician no other than Sir William: never before did musick make such pleasing impressions on her mind; concealed she stood listening to the mellifluous strains; at length they stopt, and in an harmonious voice he uttered the following lines from Douglas:

Sweet may her slumbers be! ye ministers  
Of gracious heaven who love the human race,  
Angels and Scraps who delight in goodness!  
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!

He then retreated to the windings of the grove.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

*Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.*

MILTON.

SCARCE was the Evelins' breakfast finish'd, when the expected visitant arrived; he entered the parlour with a grace peculiar to himself, and was introduced by the blushing Jessy to her parents; the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Evelin were prepossessing, fraught with benevolence, and the calm cheerfulness of placid rectitude; their manners were engaging and frank, which made them always pleasing. Sir William assumed well-feign'd respect for them.—He was now about two and twenty, elegantly formed, — striking in every engaging talent, and well versed in all strata-  
gems



gems of life. He resembled the description of Cataline, ever suiting himself to the disposition of the present company, and with avidity pursuing his gratifications.

An estate, lately fallen to him by the demise of a relation, brought him to —Shire; intricate affairs required his presence there: to divert solitude, he went to the dancing-school, saw Jessy; struck with the numberless charms of her lovely person, he enquired her situation, and immediately conceived designs prejudicial to virtue.

Oh! Libertinism, thou accursed bane of society, how many dost thou allure into the gulph of destruction? why art thou not satisfied with those that are wilfully vicious, but thou must enter the folds of the unsuspecting shepherd —and like a wolf in sheep's cloathing, rob him of his little lamb.

The

The Evelins would have recalled their breakfast-equipage, had not Sir William prevented them; he accepted the proposal of going to the bower, and eating strawberries and cream.

His conversation delighted the parents—full of subtilty, he particularly dwelt on those topicks he imagined most pleasing to them; they listened with rapture; an invitation succeeded to dinner; he staid; Mr. Evelin had inadvertently mentioned his custom of reading prayers; Sir William highly applauded so pious a work; begged permission to be present; and wished of Heaven, that all the members of the church resembled Mr. Evelin!

With well-counterfeited devotion, he attended the oraisons of this peaceful family; he parted from them in  
seeming

seeming raptures; they were enchanted with him; his affable deportment, his apparent zeal for religion, so unusual in so young a man; his prepossessing countenance won their warmest esteem; they reflected with extacy on his attention to Jessy, nor could forbear indulging a wish of beholding their beloved child united to a man, whom alone they thought equal to reward her merit.

Nor was her innocent heart displeased with these surmises, for, like Lady Julia Mandeville, artless as a village maid, and but too susceptible, she had received with pleasure the seemingly sincere protestations of Sir William; her parents' approbation of him seemed as a sanction to her rising tenderness; she indulged it, almost unknown to herself; so dangerous and imperceptible is the progress of love!

Sir William, in a short time, became a constant visitant; he made no open avowal of his passion for Jessy, but his assiduities were evident demonstrations of his feelings, and sufficient encouragement to her too unsuspecting parents—His fallacious promises increased their esteem; he told them, He had a living in his gift, the present possessor was infirm; when it fell, the highest pleasure would result to him at his dear Mr. Evelin's acceptance of it.

That worthy man, as I before mentioned, was perfectly contented with his moderate income; rejecting this proposal, however, might displease Sir William; he consented to receive it, as it would afford him a larger opportunity of gratifying his benevolence and proving a friend to the friendless.

Sir



Sir William usually attended Jessy in her rambles; her father had lately deputed her his almoner; like a ministering Cherub, she went, diffusing happiness and distributing her little gifts: Sir William's purse was not shut on these occasions, and the blessings of the cottagers followed the youthful pair: He often said he had never known true felicity till he became acquainted with the Evelins; they taught him to relish the luxury of philanthropy—the sweetest pleasure the human heart can taste—relieving the indigent.

The good man would hear those refined sentiments with inconceivable delight, a starting tear of benevolence would steal down his placid cheek; he would turn aside and bless his God for

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the

the prospect of his Child's future felicity.—Little doubts now remained of Sir William's intentions; he expected daily he would come to an eclaircissement, and ask the unreluctant hand of Jeffy.

Those feeling declarations of Sir William only rendered his character more odious; an hypocrite is detestable; those who understand their duty, yet act inconsistently with it, are inexcusable; his insidious art deceived the too credulous Evelins—virtuous themselves, their opinion of mankind was ever swayed by candour—Mr. Evelin frequently saying, “As we judge, so shall we be judged.”—His deeply-devising guest appeared to him in an exalted light; he thought him a paragon of goodness.

That

That unworthy youth, skilled in tracing the passions of the soul, soon perceived the advantage he had gained;—his presence never disturbed the occupations of the family; he had now indeed become an inmate—he attended Mr. Evelin to his fields, assisted in spreading the odoriferous hay to the sun, or raising the little stacks, the labourers always rejoicing at his sight, as he generally dropt a piece of money to recruit them, after the toilsome heat of the day.

When Mr. Evelin was busily engaged, cold provisions were brought by his wife and Jessy in neat wicker baskets, seated under a shady tree with Sir William, they cheerfully enjoyed their frugal repast.

He helped Mrs. Evelin to pull her fruit for the gooseberry-wine, which, like Mrs. Primrose, she was famous for. He sat with Jessy in her favourite bower, reading entertaining plays or pamphlets, which he constantly got from London; sometimes she sung; her voice was melodious, but wild as the woodland choristers: he instructed her in this delightful accomplishment; taught her a proper cadence, and improved her prodigiously on her guittar, as he was a perfect master of musick, and kept a band of musicians, whom he frequently brought to amuse Jessy.

A rumour had spread amongst the villagers, of his addresses to Jessy: none envied her; all rejoiced at her fortunate destiny:—her unassuming heart



heart had won universal esteem. They looked forward to the happy hour, when they should behold their beloved companion raised to a station which could not dignify her merit, only give her ampler powers of dispensing liberality.

Poor Alexis heard the common report; his artless heart was wrung, yet he endeavoured to suppress his regret, and in the prospect of her welfare, lose his woes; generous deserving young man, how amiable thy conduct!

CHAPTER

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

*With feast and musick all the tents resound;  
Such happy interview and fair event  
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands,  
flowers,  
And charming symphonies attach'd the heart.*

MILTON.

SIR William now gave a Ball, purposely for Jessy; she was deputed mistress of the entertainment; all the neighbouring villagers were invited: that evening, Jessy appeared more beautiful then ever; her natural gaiety, the flattering attentions of Sir William, her desires of appearing still more pleasing in his eyes; the charming blush of innocence, esteem and self-approving beauty, stole across her busy thought, and kindled all the alluring animation of gaiety in her countenance.

Her

Her dress was a gown of thin cambrick, ornamented with the palest shade of lealack ribbons — her glossy hair flowed on her shoulders, and wantoned on her snowy forehead; — and her bosom was only rivalled by the superior bloom of her cheeks.

Sir William could scarcely contain his raptures, but tho' he restrained his tongue, his intelligent eyes darted the ardent language of his soul — A large grass-plot in the garden was the place destined for their dancing in the evening: amongst the winding walks, bowers of jessamy, woodbines and other odoriferous plants, were scattered, from whom the sportive zephyrs wafted exhalations more balmy sweet than the spicy odours of Arabia.

In

In a shrubbery, tents were pitched with various refreshments, a fine pond flowed at the bottom of the garden; on its clear surface a gilded barge lay, occupied by Sir William's musicians, who, between the intervals of dancing, performed strains so melodious, that they would have melted a Stoic, and tranquillized the most perturbed passions: the distant hills reverberated the sounds with a greater degree of melody.

On one of the trees hung a little garland of artificial flowers, which seemed to vie with the productions of nature; Sir William took it off, he approached Jeffy, and placing it on her temples, led her to join the festive throng; this action heightening Jeffy's blushes, was not unnoticed by



by her young companions; they smiled at the harmless piece of gallantry—all but the gentle Alexis, who heaved a sigh, and seemed to forget he was surrounded by festivity.

When Jessy danced down the set, her partner conducted her to a bower more secluded than the rest; here he brought his refreshments, and he poured forth the raptures of his soul; he could controul himself no longer; they broke from him involuntarily.

He caught her hand, and pressing it eagerly to his lips, swore she was more than mortal: he launched out into such extravagant encomiums as overwhelmed Jessy, a thousand times, with confusion: they would have quitted the bower; he detained her, and gently pressing her to his breast, declared

declared she alone could render him happy: she would listen no longer to him; her parents appeared at a distance. She flew and join'd them.

Sir William quickly followed her; the villagers were impatient again for the dance; he seized her hand, and led her to them; they continued in the garden till the nightly dew warned them of danger: they repaired to a spacious saloon, decorated in a beautiful taste: at twelve, folding-doors were thrown open for their entering the supper-room.

Sir William wished Jeffy to do the honours of the table: timidly bashful, she shrunk from the proposal, and her mother was substituted in her place.

After

After supper, they continued dancing till the window-curtains being drawn up, discovered the resplendent luminary of day, rising in unclouded beauty: from a small door in the saloon, they were led thro' a covered walk to a grotto by the side of the pond: here they were agreeably surprised on finding an elegant breakfast prepared.

The grotto was beautifully formed of coral shells and interlined with moss, a translucent stream, falling down broken fragments at one side, trickled thro' it—while the musicians performed an ode on the splendor of the rising morn. After the repast, the company departed, highly delighted with the entertainment.

Sir William's carriage conveyed the EVELINS home: Jessy immediately retired to rest; her dreams, as usual, fraught with ideas of her dear Sir William, whose speeches she attributed to an uncommon flow of spirits, and transportingly thought of a reciprocal affection.

## CHAPTER



## CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

*Love shou'd be pure,  
Harmless as pilgrims' kisses on the shrines  
Of Virgin-martyrs; holy as the thoughts  
Of dying saints, when angels hover o'er them;  
Harmonious, gentle, soft; such; love shou'd be,  
The zephyr, not the whirlwind, of the soul.*

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

A Few hours afforded sufficient refreshment to the Evelins. Like the industrious bees, they again commenced their daily occupations; hourly expecting the customary visit from Sir William: he disappointed them, however, by not arriving till evening.

Jessy had retired to the garden after dinner; chagrined at his absence, yet trying to console herself with supposing it proceeded from fatigue, she

opened a book to amuse her thoughts,  
and happened to fix on a little melancholy poem: it softened her natural humane heart; it was an Elegy of despairing love in the following simple lines; the scene a church-yard, by moon-light.

The flocks extended on their fleeces lay,  
The feather'd songsters ceas'd their cheerful strains,  
The looing herds, repos'd, forgot to stray,  
And midnight silence hush'd the lonely plains;  
The moon's pale orb diffus'd a silver gleam,  
Attendant stars their friendly glories join'd;  
(What time reflection aids the solemn theme,  
And care-worn thoughts increase upon the mind.)  
'Twas then Alexis took his pensive way;  
The still church-yard, with silent step and slow,  
Where his lov'd Phillis moulder'd in the clay,  
He sought, distracted with excess of woe.  
The turf, new-rai'd, seem'd willing to declare,  
Where deep in earth the beauteous maid reclind;  
He saw, quick started forth the sudden tear,  
And thus his words betray'd his broken mind.

opened

D 2

" See;

# JESSY EVBLIN. 41

" See, where, regardless of this silent tear,  
 " The lovely Phillis sleeps in soft repose;  
 " Ah! what avails my anguish, my despair;  
 " She sleeps unconscious of my fruitless woes.  
 " Ah! why did Heav'n such form divine bestow,  
 " Why was she blest with more than mortal charms?  
 " To serve, alas! but to augment my woe,  
 " And add new horrors to my widow'd arms.  
 " Her face was lovely as the op'ning day,  
 " Sweet was her breath as autumn's rich perfume;  
 " Her voice melodious as the linnet's lay;  
 " Her lip outvied the rose's brightest bloom:  
 " Thus the young bud bedecks the virgin thorn,  
 " Whilst deep within a venom'd canker lies,  
 " With fragrance sweet salutes the rising morn,  
 " Ere night, alas! untimely blasted dies!  
 " Some goddess, envying her superior charms,  
 " Some god repining at my happier state,  
 " With jealous fury snatch'd her from my arms,  
 " And frantic urg'd th' unwilling hand of fate.  
 " Slow on her frame a lingering sickness prey'd,  
 " O'er her weak limbs a deadly paleness spread,  
 " Her eyes no more their sprightly fire display'd,  
 " And from her cheeks the gay vermilion fled.

- " Sudden, alas ! wou'd flattering hopes arise,  
 " And long-lost health seem blooming on her face,  
 " But, ah ! too soon the fond delusion flies,  
 " And to despair, reluctant, yields its place.  
 " Faint, weary, pale, she bow'd her vanquish'd head,  
 " Unequal nature yielding to the strife,  
 " Calm, by degrees, she sunk amongst the dead,  
 " And, sweetly smiling, languish'd into life.  
 " Adieu, ye lawns, adieu, ye flow'ry meads,  
 " Ye groves, sad partners of our loves, adieu ;  
 " Phillis no more your painted carpet treads,  
 " No more her eyes your varied prospects view.  
 " Welcome, the silence of this midnight hour,  
 " This solemn scene, this glimm'ring ray of light,  
 " My soul depress'd by fate's relentless pow'r,  
 " Enjoys this horror with a sad delight.  
 " Oh ! wou'd kind heav'n indulge my ardent prayer ;  
 " Life, hated life, with transport I'd resign,  
 " Glad in the grave I'd lose my tort'ring care,  
 " Whom death has parted, death alone can join."

Jessy burst into tears : Ah, my God !  
 cried she, how dreadful must be the  
 pangs of hopeless love. She felt her  
 hand press'd ; she looked down.—Sir

William



William was at her feet: her parents had directed him to the bower.

A dejection marked his countenance consonant to that which now clouded her mind. She trembled on observing his melancholy: she bade him rise, — No, Jessy, answered he, in this suppliant posture, I make a request, on which my whole happiness depends. He then told her, with all the artful eloquence of love, some unforeseen obstacles prevented his publicly requesting her hand. That he well knew, from the strict principles of her parents, they would be averse to an union without the concurrence of his friends.—A trip to Scotland was the only expedient that could render him blest. That he was convinced the displeasure of Mr. and Mrs.

Mrs. Evelin would be transient; they would rather rejoice at the step, as promoting her felicity, and feel happy to escape all censure by not being privy to it.

As he finished this speech, he softly pressed her hands, and conjured her to comply with the request.—His eyes had a melting languishment in them, which softened her very soul: at first, she started and shuddered at the proposal; but his persuasive language, his plausible arguments, the idea it could not, in the end, be displeasing to her parents, made her resolution falter: a kneeling lover, her own inclination, all conspired, and, in an evil hour, she promised consent.

Sir William rose in raptures; the success of his stratagem overpowered him

him with extacy; he clasp'd her to his bosom, and swore the study of his life would be to reward this generous compliance: the next evening was fixed for her elopement; his chariot was to meet her at the skirts of the grove.

Stop here, ye daughters of the land, and reflect on Jessy's indiscretion; consider no plea whatsoever can palliate the violation of filial duty, or that sooner or later we shall feel its direful effects.

Sir William stay'd supper; his spirits were unusually great; the virtuous, the unsuspecting Evelins, listened with delight to his flowery accents; Jessy sat silent and dismayed: she was acting against her principles, and the serenity, which resulted from conscious

scious innocence, was extinguished in her breast.

When he departed, she retired to her chamber, there she sat pensively, revolving the occurrences of the day; she could scarcely support the idea of the action she was about committing; hard and severe was the conflict in her breast, between duty and love; the latter conquered: she deluded herself with the idea it could not offend her parents, for any time: Sir William's disinterested passion, she thought, deserved such a sacrifice.

She retired to rest—to rest did I say? No—peace had forsaken her slumbers, for—for, the first time, she had swerved from the path of rectitude.

## CHAPTER



## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

*Lucia was fair and bright as rising day,  
 Sweet as Arabia, or the buds of May;  
 Fresh as the winds that sweep the dewy hills,  
 On beds of roses wash'd by healthy rills:  
 Her soul was softer than a trembling dove,  
 Nor knew a failing till she learn'd to love.  
 Nor fraud nor scandal to her lips were known,  
 And thought each bosom guiltless as her own.  
 Thus only arm'd with innocence and smiles,  
 She fell the victim of a tyrant's wiles.*

LEAPOR.

**SIR** William repeated his usual visits in the morning; to avoid suspicion, he invented an artful excuse for not staying to dinner; and before he departed, cast a penetrating and intelligent look at Jessy, and took an opportunity of softly whispering, to conjure her not to forget the appointed hour.

Early

Early in the evening she stole unobserved from her parents' house—unhappy girl, flying from the indulgent guardians of thy youth to the base betrayer of thy honour! As she passed the friendly threshold, a sudden horror seized her—an universal tremor shook her frame; she tottered a few steps, she looked back; remorse overwhelmed her—she was on the point of returning to her parents, flinging herself at their feet, and acknowledging her intended expedition—the idea of Sir William then recurred; to frustrate this pious thought—a kneeling lover, the disappointment which would accrue to him from such a step, the delusive flattering hope it would shortly receive her parents approbation, combated against reason; and still trembling, she proceeded to the grove

at whose skirts Sir William was to meet her in his chariot—Ere she got many paces, she heard footsteps advancing; she stood irresolute—when the mind is conscious of acting improperly, the most trifling sounds disturb.

Her fears were unnecessary—it was only the article's Alexis returning from his fields; health blooming on his cheek, and his sunny ringlets waving in the wind; he saluted Jessy, and gazed on her with undisguised delight; he asked her, Whither she was hastening? “I am,” answered she, “going to—to,”—The faltering accents died away: a stranger to falsehood, the simple question confused her.—“Don't interrupt me, Alexis,” cried she, recovering herself a little,

E

and

and gliding by him—Alexis followed her with his eyes; when she disappeared, he sat down upon the mossy turf, and with the sylvan pen of rural lovers carved upon the smoothest rinds of the trees the adored name of Jessy.

His sight had renewed the conflicts of her breast: “Ah, my God!” cried she, “I am unhappy.”—Sir William was too punctual—entraptured, he placed her in the carriage; it drove swiftly off. Jessy burst into tears, but repentance was now too late: he press’d her fondly to his breast, and vowed eternal fidelity; he endeavoured to assuage the perturbations of her mind.—Skilled in the powerful elocution of love, he calmed her passions.

Late the next evening, they arrived at a little village on the borders of Scotland.



Scotland. Jessy found herself faint and weary. Supper was immediately ordered. Sir William completed his villainous design: he conveyed a strong opiate into her wine; she was carried insensible to her chamber, and betrayed into infamy.

By the first gleams of returning light, Sir William quitted the house;—undeceiving the people in regard to her situation, they had imagined her his wife.

Well might his guilty soul be appalled at the idea of beholding injured innocence: he fled precipitately, leaving no clue behind him by which he might be traced.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

*Long she flourished,  
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,  
Till at last a cruel spoiler came, cropt this  
fair flower,  
And rifled all its sweetness; then cast it  
Like a loathsome weed away.*

ORPHAN.

**B**UT what mortal pen can describe the agencies of Jesty! a violent fever succeeded, which rendered her life precarious: her youth and excellent constitution baffled the disease,—and, like Charlotte Beaumont, she recovered her reason, and wretchedness.

The mistress of the inn, touched with the peculiarly distressing circumstances of her situation, attended her with humanity: sitting one day with the unfortunate girl, she enquired, whether

whether there were any friends whose assistance would be serviceable?

At the mention of friends, Jessy started; the image of her injured Parents rushed upon her mind:—"Oh! no, no," cried she in an agony, "I am ruined, I am destitute;" the Woman retired; Jessy was sore oppress'd; she sunk upon her knees, and raised her hands to Heaven.

"Oh, my God!" said she, "thou beholdest me betrayed into infamy, exposed to the cruel scoffs of an inhuman world;—shelter my helpless years; I cast myself sorrowing upon thy Grace; protect me from the farther assaults of vice, guard my parents; nor let my follies bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The idea of returning to her parents was insupportable: how could she endure the eyes of that father, whose instructions had so often warned her against the lures of the libertine? how bear the sight of that mother, a pattern of virtue?

Tho' she longed, like the prodigal child, to return to their arms; to have the balm of paternal love poured into her bleeding wounds; she found her soul for ever harrowed with shame, and a secret dread at the thought.

Her finances were now almost exhausted: Sir William had not only bereft her of honour, but left her to experience the hard pressure of poverty; had he sent her money, indeed, she would have rejected it. Jessy could never receive the wages of iniquity.

Her



Her continuation at the inn was therefore both improper and impossible; she had long wished to leave it: it was the scene of her disgrace.

By the assistance of the landlady, she procured an asylum in a distant cottage: under its humble roof, she hoped to recollect her scattered senses; and, before her little stock was totally spent, to think on some expedient for earning a future subsistence.

Thus did one false step sink Jessy from innocence and content, into shame and disgrace; a fortunate circumstance, however, soon relieved her from the present pecuniary distresses of her situation.

Hail sacred friendship, virtue's best defence,  
 Parent at once and child of innocence;  
 Thou best of blessings we enjoy below,  
 From thy clear source, our purest pleasures flow.

Life,

Life, when improv'd by thee can never cloy;  
By thee we relish each inferior joy.

A young lady in the neighbourhood frequently visited at the cottage where Jessy resided; she was sponsor to the woman's child, and her attention to the infant brought her there; she had been long seeking for a companion, whose society would lessen the gloom of solitude, who would at once prove an entertaining and a social friend.

The uncommon elegance and languor of Jessy's person, forceably struck Miss Mordaunt; the answers she received to her enquiries were favourable to Jessy, as the good woman was happily unacquainted with her mournful tale.

From Jessy's situation, she justly imagined a proposal to take her for a companion

companion could not be unpleasing: the poor woman was deputed her ambassador, and succeeded; Jessy eagerly embracing an offer, coinciding so perfectly with her wishes: in a few days every thing was adjusted, and Jessy returned with Miss Morlaunt to her guardian's house.

That young lady was nearly of an age with Jessy: her person was majestically elegant; her complexion fine, animated by large expressive black eyes; the whole contour of her face breathing the harmony of her dignified soul.

She was enthusiastic in her attachments; warm in her vindication of innocence, and zealous in relieving the distressed

: All ranks adored her; wherever she appeared, blessings hailed her; she was heiress to a considerable fortune, and consigned to the guardianship of her uncle: the extensive talents she possessed, were cultivated by the most liberal education; her time was chiefly occupied in reading, musick and painting (like Werter, from nature;) and taking her daily rounds amongst a little list of pensioners, whom her bounty preserved;—she saw her own errors, and condemned them, while she pitied or pardoned those of her neighbours.

Tho' her spirits were great, she despised the frivolous amusements of the age, placing her most exalted pleasure in the converse of a few select friends, from whom formality was banished,



—and easy politeness, substituted in its place an unrestrained flow of sentiments.

Between Jessy and her, there appeared a congeniality of souls; her conversation abated the poignancy of Jessy's sufferings, and diffused over her mind a serene tranquillity.

In Jessy an implicit confidence was placed by Arabella, who had fixed her affections on a beloved object: one day, seated in a sequestered spot with Jessy, she related her guileless passion.

"It is a just remark indeed," my dear Jessy, "that there is no human happiness without its alloy. People imagine I have attained the  
" height

" height of felicity; believe me, I still  
" find some drawback: I make no  
" doubt the disappointments of life are  
" wisely ordained; a full enjoyment  
" of our wishes might render our at-  
" tachment for this sublunary state  
" too permanent.

" I own what I have felt can  
" scarcely be denominated sorrow,  
" yet, my Jessy, it has given pangs  
" to my heart, which only to your-  
" self I would reveal. Last summer,  
" my uncle was ordered for a rheuma-  
" tic complaint to Bath; I attended  
" him: a young gentleman lodged in  
" the same house, with whom we be-  
" came acquainted: he was engaging,  
" a reciprocal passion ensued. My  
" uncle too soon perceived it. He had  
" other

"other views for me: a son of his  
 "born now abroad; to keep my for-  
 "tune in his family is his ardent  
 "wish: till of age, I am in his  
 "power; I should marry without  
 "his consent before that period;  
 "half my estate would be forfeited  
 "to him; without it, I certainly  
 "should have more than sufficient  
 "to satisfy all moderate desires,  
 "as an aunt lately bequeathed me  
 "twelve thousand pounds, which is  
 "wholly at my disposal.

"I wish, however, to bring the  
 "dear youth as much as possible to  
 "reward his disinterestedness, as he  
 "has frequently entreated me not to  
 "suffer the above-mentioned article  
 "to retard our union, till I am of  
 "age. He sometimes writes to me,

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" but

"but as he is ever wandering from  
 "city to city, I seldom answer his  
 "letters. Should my uncle, on my  
 "cousin's arrival, use violent mea-  
 "sures to force me to be his, I would  
 "undoubtedly give up half the estate,  
 "and fly from his arbitrary power;  
 "to him who can alone render me  
 "happy?"

The charming confidence of Ara-  
 bella, could not be returned by Jessy :  
 shame preserved her fatal secret invio-  
 lable; the divulging it she dreaded  
 would be the loss of Miss Mordaunt's  
 friendship. She had often heard of  
 the contumelies, with which the  
 world treated unhappy creatures like  
 herself; but this suspicion was injuri-  
 ous to Arabella, she never probed with  
 scorn the wounds of the unfortunate;

but "

I

had



had she known the hapless tale, she would have loved Jessy with greater tenderness, press'd her more closely to her bosom, and would have made her the partner of those tender sensations incident to young females.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

*Dear sensibility, source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows.*

*The roughest peasant who travels the bleak-est mountains, sometimes possesses sensibility:—he finds the lacerated lamb of another flock.—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—Oh, had I come one moment sooner! it bleeds to death; his gentle heart bleeds with it.*

*Peace to thee, generous Swain, I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy the lambs which sport about you.*

YORICK'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

**A**RABELLA and Jessy rambled out one fine evening, to enjoy the autumnal beauty, it being then about the

the middle of that plenteous season:—wherever they looked, scenes of joy saluted them; the cheerful reapers binding the yellow sheaf; the pretty lasses, like blooming nymphs of Ceres, gleaning the field; the sportive frolicks of the bleating herds, while the aromatic exhalations and the responsive notes of the birds joined their pleasing influence.—Beguiled in conversation, they fauntered beyond their usual track, and were at length stopt to contemplate a situation, where nature seemed to have lavished her sweetest gifts—a hill rose on one side gently precipitous, whose declivities thickly covered with trees appeared like a hanging wood: the various tints of the trees formed a beautifully-variegated shade, while their closely-

united beauty were almost imperious  
to the sun-beams.

Beneath lay a steep glen, on which  
small parterres of flowers were slightly  
dispersed, a bubbling brook gliding  
amongst them, and taking its rise from  
a distant cascade, whose dashing waves  
produced a delightful murmuring  
sound; the encompassing hill was  
crowned with the liveliest verdure.

The friends stood lost in admiration;  
then inspecting more attentively, they  
discovered a winding path up the hill:  
with avidity they ascended it, eager to  
penetrate the unbrutish recesses.—  
How great was their surprize, when  
on the top they perceived a small hut;  
whose roof was two aged oaks, and  
whose sides were covered with moss;  
before it, an aged, uncouthly-drest  
Man, sat reading.

They



They started back, and were involuntarily retreating, when hastening after them, in an accent of mingled gentleness and courtesy, he desired to compose their fears, to return and satisfy their curiosity: prompted by an irresistible impulse, they complied, and with greater attention examined the stranger's figure—he appeared between fifty and sixty, his person graceful, his countenance benign, but marked with grief.—“ I see, said he, smiling, your astonishment—many are the years of my seclusion from the world—if my history could please you, without hesitation, I will relate it—it is my resolve to satisfy any wanderer's chance may conduct to this spot: a moral lies in my tale, which may prove of utility to youth.” Anabella and Jessy gladly received the offer of learning

learning his tale; he seated them by himself on the stump of an old oak, and thus began :

“ On the care-beat shore of hope,  
“ I have been tossed : that airy phan-  
“ tom often gilded my prospects, but  
“ its delusions are now all over.

“ I was born in an adjacent village ;  
“ my parents reared me to the best of  
“ their ability ; early in life, I con-  
“ ceived an attachment for the child  
“ of a neighbour ; she beheld me with  
“ the same partial eyes ; our artless  
“ love encreased, and ripened by de-  
“ grees into the warmest of passions.  
“ My Angelina was nearly my age ;  
“ fair as opening lilies, blooming as  
“ the birds of spring ; our parents  
“ prevented our union ; mercenary  
“ views, too prolix to mention, with-  
“ held

" held their consent. How often has  
 " my Angelina and I lamented our  
 " hapless fate and mutually exclaimed;  
 " Were we wealthy, we should be  
 " blessed: Providence thought fit to  
 " crown our wishes, only to convince  
 " us how little man can foresee those  
 " things which will prove beneficial.

" A relation in London dying, made  
 " me his heir: I flew to the metropolis,  
 " to receive my patrimony there.  
 " Unhappily fascinated by the lure of  
 " pleasure and the intoxicating scene  
 " of vanity that surrounded me, I fell  
 " into the society of vicious young  
 " men, who hurried me headlong from  
 " vice to vice, nor left a moment for  
 " consideration, when reason might  
 " recollect herself, and shrink from  
 " the precipice of guilt: that love  
 " which

"which I had so solemnly plighted to  
 "my Angelina, was prostituted; I  
 "continued in this course for half a  
 "year, when one night, at the Theatre,  
 "I was struck with the representation  
 "of a scene similar to my own; a lovely  
 "young woman fallen a prey to the  
 "inconstancy of her lover.

"I can't describe the emotions that  
 "seized me. I quitted the house, and  
 "retired immediately to my lodgings,  
 "distracted with the retrospection of  
 "my conduct; the image of Angelina  
 "recurred to me, bending beneath the  
 "pressure of those woes my ingra-  
 "titude had occasioned. I grew ill—  
 "On recovering, I fled precipitately  
 "from the baneful town, with the  
 "flattened remnant of my fortune.  
 "I flew to the habitation of my Ange-  
 "lina



"Alina—Gracious Heaven! she was no  
 "more: she died of a broken heart,  
 "the night before my arrival: she  
 "was resigned to her primeval clay;  
 "distressed I flew to the grave, I  
 "watched it with tears of penitence  
 "and anguish. But how fruitless my  
 "grief! no sighs, no sobbings, could re-  
 "call her from her clay-cold bed:—  
 "nor, my Angelina, was I so misera-  
 "bly selfish as to wish thee from thy  
 "native skies, from the company of  
 "thy kindred seraphs, to console my  
 "wretchedness.  
 "Sick, disgusted of the world, I  
 "retired to this solitude: here I have  
 "spent many years. Religion, all-  
 "powerful Religion, subduing the  
 "horrors of my grief. My parents  
 "are since dead: their patrimony  
 "devolved

" devolved on me; I part; I distribute  
 " to the neighbouring poor; part, a  
 " friend lays out for me in necessities;  
 " at the close of evening, when the  
 " bird of night tunes sweetest his  
 " love-laboured song, I ramble thro'  
 " the intricate windings of this spot,  
 " and with the enthusiastic fervor of  
 " imagination, sometimes imagine my-  
 " self not alone, and with rapture  
 " think on those imimitably sublime  
 " lines of Milton:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night! how often from the sleep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive to each others note,  
 Singing their great Creator: oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic numbers join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

here

here the stranger finished—Arabella and Jessy wept at his simple narrative; they were both affected by it: one pitied his fate; the other was convinced, that happiness is all a phantom.

The sun was declining, and they were at a considerable distance from their habitation; they therefore quickened their pace, the stranger attending them thro' the most unfrequented paths; then leaving them near the cottages, departed to his beloved retreat.

Their presence dissipated those fears, which were conceived about them: their conversation again turned on the stranger, and again they paid the grateful tribute of tears to his misfortunes.

## CHAPTER THE TENTH.

*Tremble thou wretch  
That hast within thee undischarged crimes;  
Unwhipt of Justice.*

KING LEAR.

MISS Mordaunt's guardian now daily expected his son, and also her ready compliance to their wishes: terrified and well knowing his peccatory temper, she immediately wrote to the favoured object of her heart, communicating her distressing situation; convinced she should either behold him, or receive such advice as would support her sinking spirits, and enable her to baffle the arbitrary power of her guardian: nor was the former expectations false; he flew to his Arabella, a little billet-doux acquainted her with his arrival; they met in

an



an adjacent wood, and concerted an expedient, which dissipated their fears.

She flew back to Jessy's chamber; she informed her of their designs, a tour to Scotland: the evening was appointed for her elopement; a carriage was to wait for her in a private road, and he was to meet her at an inn in a distant village: the only favour she requested of her dear Jessy, was to accompany her in this excursion.

The idea of a second trip to Scotland shocked the poor unhappy Jessy; a universal tremor, a deadly sickness seized her, at the recollection of what she had endured from her intended expedition thither; she could scarcely fault her compliance to the request of

Arabella, or refrain her tears till she retired from the apartment.

Jeffy endeavoured to calm her perturbations, a book lay by her, she opened it at a short touching song, composed by her favourite poet Goldsmith: it was applicable to the state of her mind.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,

Still importunate and vain,

To former joys, recurring ever,

And turning all the past to pain

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,

Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe,

And he who wants each others blessing,

In thee must ever find a foe.

Alas! cried she pensively, for ever I must be wretched, never will memory cease to upbraid me with my follies and ingratitude to the best of parents.

As

As it was the constant custom of Jessy and Arabella to ramble out every afternoon, they left the house at the appointed hour without the least suspicion, and repaired to the carriage; one elated with hopes of the future, the other depress'd by retrospection of the past—early indeed the sanguine expectations of Jessy were corroded, and the hand of affliction quickly destroyed her happiness.

The pale moon had rose majestically before their arrival at the inn—a gentleman flew from it to hand them out: he led them into a parlour prepared for their reception. Jessy surveyed him; she uttered a piercing shriek, and sunk insensible on a chair. Arabella, terrified and amazed, flew from him to the assistance of her

friend—she wildly called for help; the people came, eagerly crowding around the unfortunate girl—while the guilty author of the confusion—no other than the base, the insidious Sir William Stenton, stood trembling and aghast—fearful to raise his eyes, irresolute how to act.

The courage of the flagitious is like the blaze of a taper, a drop of water will extinguish one, the remotest appearance of danger or detection appal the other.

When Jessy began to open her eyes, he said faltering, He had better retire, till the lady was perfectly restored; on recovering, she looked around the room; “He is gone,” cried she—“Oh Miss Mordaunt, rejoice that I  
“can



"can rescue you from perdition, from  
 "a monster of wickedness."

Arabella was astonished—she imagined her disorder had affected her reason—Jessy interpreted her looks—

"Oh, Arabella!" exclaimed she,  
 "reason is too acute; I feel too sensibly my misery; for one moment, let us be alone, and I will reveal the whole secrets of my soul to you."

Arabella ordered the people to quit the apartment; she supported the drooping head of Jessy; she waited with impatience for the promised detail; a melancholy overwhelmed her—she could not account for it, and a tear, an expressive tear, rolled down her pale beauteous cheek—the weeping and sighing Jessy related her hapless

less history—alternately wringing with a review of her life—alternately covered with the blushes of confusion, she disclosed the minutest particular.

Arabella heard her with evident emotions—commiseration for her friend—sensibility for herself, all concurred—she fell upon Jessy's breast, encircled in each others arms, they sobbed aloud; neither could receive, neither could give, consolation—Ah, had the barbarous author of their sorrows beheld them, hardened as he was in the school of vice, this affecting scene must have softened him.

The appearance of a servant startled them—he came with a message from Sir William, entreating the honour of Miss Mordaunt's presence for a few moments

moments—"Tell him," cried she  
 "I shall wait on him."

Arabella possessed a greater degree of fortitude than Jessy—she felt acutely, tho' not so visibly—her enlarg'd understandings had given her opportunities of observing the various calamities of human life.—She well knew an unerring Providence presided over all, and that the most effectual method of obtaining peace was submitting with resignation to the dispensations of her Creator.

The present stroke was the severest she had ever experienced; her affections were long centered in Sir William; she had imagined him a man of unblemished character; a man with whom her days would pass in the delightful, serene tranquillity resulting from an union of congenial souls.

These

These pleasing hopes, these soothing expectations, were blasted—he had betrayed her dearest friend—the shock, (like Amelia) reduced her frame almost to dissolution.

She rose with an air of assumed composure from her seat, “I will go,” said she, “to Sir William, and insist on his making the only atonement: now in his power to you, by offering his hand—I will tell him,” continued she, “if ever he possessed the remotest shadow of honour, the faintest esteem for me, he will make this recompence to you.”

“Oh hold, beloved Arabella,” cried Jessy, “never, never can I bear such an alliance, never can I plight my solemn vows to a man who basely ruined my unsuspecting youth.”

“Consider,”

There



"Confider," answered Arabella,  
 "your parents, they may think it  
 "eligible—they wish"—On no, cried  
 Jessy, interrupting her, "my Parents  
 "are too good—they would never  
 "force their child to an union which  
 "would destroy her last remnant of  
 "peace—my soul shinks with horror  
 "at the idea of a connection with  
 "Sir William, the love I once bore  
 "him, is changed to detestation—  
 "when esteem is gone, the fabrick  
 "of love soon totters to desolation."

"Truly virtuous are thy principles,"  
 replied Arabella, "I will hasten to  
 "Sir William—I will communicate  
 "our fixed determination—we will  
 "retire together—I will tear this faith-  
 "less image from my heart—and  
 "live alone to love, to succour my  
 "Jessy."

She

She went to Sir William; he was beginning a specious excuse, which he had formed in her absence—she instantly stop'd him, by informing him she was acquainted with his baseness—she thoroughly investigated it—and was shocked with its unparalell'd flagitiousness—at this unexpected declaration, Sir William was confounded; dissimulation was now unavailing; effrontery forsook him—he shrunk from the penetrating, indignant eyes of Arabella—which seemed to pierce his very soul, and dive into the dark recesses of his heart.

Arabella quitted him, and returned to Jeffy, discovered—confused—and disappointed in his passion and mercenary views, Sir William ordered his

horses and directly left the inn sick of Scotch expeditions, and resolved to try whether one to the Continent would prove more agreeable and efficacious, to dissipate his chagrin.

Arabella determined, on returning to her guardian, to avow her proposed project, and by ingenuoufness gain his clemency. She knew this method had often softened obduracy—Melancholy was their journey—the whole house rejoiced at their arrival; her guardian had been frantic at their elopement—Arabella concealed nothing from him, except the delicately embarrassing part of Jessy's history, and in some other manner accounted for her disgust to Sir William—Her confidence subdued the resentment of her guardian, and the alteration in her person rekindled

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the

the faint gleams of compassion which enlivened his breast.

Her conflicting passions had warred against her health; the sprightly animation of youth forsook her countenance, and was succeeded by the languor of despondence.

The morning after her return, she was seized with a most alarming faintness and shivering—they conveyed her to bed—a Physician was immediately sent for—his prognostics increased their terrors.

Jessy was almost distracted—she considered herself as innocently accessory to the illness of her Arabella: she watched her night and morning; she wept, she prayed to Heaven, to preserve her friend.

## CHAPTER



## CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

*The genial meads assign'd to blest*

*Thy life—shall mourn thy early doom,*

*Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,*

*With simple hands, thy rural tomb.*

**F**ROM the commencement of her illness, Arabella despaired of recovering—by degrees she felt the icy messenger approaching, calm and resigned she waited the designations of her God.

Unruffled, she looked forward to eternity; guiltless had been her actions: she was the child of benevolence, the cherub of peace.

She endeavoured to console Jessy; she desired her to look to that hour, when after a transitory separation they should meet in unutterable bliss.

A day or two before her death she sent for an attorney, who fortunately resided in the neighbourhood : he drew up her will, which joyfully she signed, bequeathing the twelve thousand pounds, already mentioned, to her beloved Jeffy.

With her dying breath she besought that afflicted girl to return to her parents, to bless them with a sight of their darling child, and soothe the last painful struggle of nature : she embraced her tenderly, bade her be comforted, and raising her undefiled hands to Heaven, expired.

Thus, in the prime of life, the lovely Arabella resigned herself to the will of her Creator.

Jeffy's life they imagined fleeting after her friend : faint, lingering, she hung

hung over the breathless body, which even in death wore the placid smile of virtue: nothing could have abated her despair, but the ardent wish she felt of fulfilling the last request of Arabella, by returning to her parents, to obtain forgiveness. She ordered a carriage to be hired, in which she meant to go to them, after the mournful obsequies should be paid to Arabella. Multitudes followed the corpse to the grave: her poor pensioners bedewed the earth with their tears; with her the fatherless again lost a parent, the widow resumed her sadness, and the trembling indigent, groaning aloud, sunk into their former penury.

Look here, ye young, ye affluent, ye thoughtless insects of a summer's day; like you, she was once blooming and adored; like her, you may ere long

be mouldering, silent and forgotten in the grave; follow Arabella's example; check, timely check, those passions whose indulgence disturb serenity; be prepared for the important hour; and remember—virtue alone survives the grave.

Jessy joined the melancholy throng; the sad despondence which marked her countenance, the tears that fast and piteously stole from their crystal sluices, denoted how dear Arabella was to her, who ever loved that liberal benefactress excited respect; the peasants, flocked around Jessy, they recollected she was the companion of her who preserved them from perishing; she could not support their looks; her own heart seemed bursting; she glided by them, and entering a little path, returned  
to



to the house, which now appeared destitute.

Arabella's guardian met her in the hall; worldly views for a time had deadened the feelings of humanity; they now broke forth in their full lustre; nature wrought powerfully in his breast; he took her trembling hand: "All is over," cried he, "my Arabella." Tears gushed from him, and he hastily retreated.

Jessy retired to her apartment: she freely indulged her sorrow; she wished but to receive her parents' blessing, and follow her angelic friend.

She poured forth her agonizing soul to her Creator; and found her spirits revived.

Overcome

Overcome with grief and fatigue, the gentle hand of sleep began to press her eye-lids; she repaired to bed; the bright shade of Arabella appeared in her dreams; immortal glory irradiated her face; it seemed like a celestial harbinger of heaven, sent to console the troubles of her Jessy.

Jessy awoke much refreshed by the serenity of her slumbers; the pleasing vision abated the poignancy of her woes; she dress'd herself in haste; the carriage was already at the door, which was to convey her to the arms of her parents; she anticipated the extatic joys of their meeting, and a gleam of peace stole into her mind.

Passing through the gallery, the door of Arabella's apartment lay open; her feet involuntarily strayed into it; the  
picture

picture of her adored, her beauteous Mordaunt, hung directly opposite to her; the composure she had vainly imagined herself possessed of, again forsook her; and bursting into tears, "Farewel, beloved shade of my Arabella, now mouldering in the grave; yet never, never will the remembrance of her virtues be eradicated from my mind, and to the last lingering ebb of life, Jessy will love the name of Arabella."

She flew down stairs; a few only of the family were up; she bade them a melancholy adieu, and flung herself into the chaise.

Late the next evening she arrived at the little village, which lay adjacent to her father's habitation; she was afraid to enquire concerning them; she

she dreaded being known by the people; leaving the carriage there, she determined walking alone to their house.

How was she pained on retracing those sweet sequestered spots, where so often she had wandered in all the happiness of conscious innocence! again she beheld those lov'd romantick shades where frequently she had sat listening to the wild notes of Philomel, reading instructive authors, or receiving the mild admonitions of her parents. Sad recollection pained and wrung from her the tears of anguish; she sunk upon a little verdant bank, in order to compose her spirits.

From a neighbouring grove she heard a plaintive voice chanting a song applicable to herself.

The



The wretch condemn'd with life to part  
 Still, still, on hope relies,  
 And every pang that rends the heart,  
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way,  
 And still as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

"Oh surely," cried she, "without  
 "that anchor of the soul, never could  
 "I have sustain'd the various ills,  
 "which with oppressive force have  
 "fallen upon my hapless years."

She now arose from her seat; the  
 night was advancing — a few yards  
 brought her in view of her parents'  
 house; she trembled, she tottered as she  
 reached it: she laid her hand irresolute  
 on the latch, the door opened, she was  
 now in the hall, scarcely able to stand;  
 she leaned against the wainscot, all was  
 still

still and silent, a deadly horror again rushed upon her mind; a cold dew trickled from her forehead, she was lost in apprehensions, at length a door opened, a light appeared—Alexis came from the room—he shrieked, he started at beholding her, he almost doubted his senses, he imagined it an aerial phantom; she extended her arms to him—his raptures were unspeakable; diffidence and timidity were forgotten; he clasp'd her to his artless, tender bosom—"Tell me, Alexis," cried she, laying her cold hand on his, "do my parents?"—He averted his head at this question, and burst into tears—"Oh, Alexis," continued she, "suspence is worse than death."

"Alas, Jeffy," answered he—"to-day we paid the last rites to your mother—your father yet lives."

"Oh

"Oh gracious God," said she, wildly springing by him, "he may still bless me; she rushed into the parlour, which adjoined her Father's room: she could not proceed, but sunk half fainting on a chair. Alexis followed her; he called for a glass of water, which was brought by the little maid, who wept with joy at beholding her young Mistress, and artlessly cried, " Alexis, how great a change!"

Alexis now entered the apartment of Mr. Evelin; the venerable man had just awoke from a serene slumber—in his dreams, he thought he beheld ministering cherubs hovering around the bed to soothe his passage to the realms of day—No intelligence could disturb his calmness, he heard of his daughter with tenderness devoid of emotion;

I

he

he desired to see her, and bless the child of his affections.

Jessy was conducted to him; the lustre of benignity and the languor of approaching dissolution, irradiated his countenance—She flew to his extended arms, but could not speak, and every pulse seemed strained with agony.—He perceived the unequal conflict between love and shame, contrition and remorse.

And, as angels look  
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed.

Welcome, thrice welcome, thou wanderer, to my heart: they fell together on his pillow.

Alexis and the afflicted wondering maid endeavoured to assist Jessy; but her father required none; he had expired



pired—successive faintings seized Jessy, and excited most fatal apprehensions—her life was despaired of; she grew delirious, and raved incessantly on her parents and her friend.

## PROVIDENCE preserved the existence of Jessy in imminent danger she recovered from the violence of her delirium—she of the earliest delirium had restored into her mind the power to judge that direct the young she had been deeply CHAPTER

## CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

*What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm,  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?  
 Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain.*

THOMPSON.

PROVIDENCE preserved the existence of Jessy for important ends—by degrees she recovered from the bed of sickness, and the violence of her despair—one of the earliest lessons her father had inculcated into her mind was never to indulge that direful passion.

Tho' young, she had been deeply involved in the chequered paths of life, she had tasted the sweets of prosperity, and the bitterness of misfortune.

Her

Her experienced calamities had refined her soul above the common standard, and rendered her more tenderly susceptible for her fellow-creatures; and the donation of her generous friend enabled her to fulfil her charitable wishes.

To render herself acceptable to Heaven, and to obliterate those errors which stratagem, not inclination, led her into—the resolved to combat grief, to rise from the supineness of affliction, and like Arabella; to be the Almoner of Heaven.

Her liberality was first extended towards the poor pensioners; she relieved their distresses and in some measure supplied the loss of their adored benefactress.

She next scrutinized into the situation of the neighbouring peasants, rewarding industry, and rescuing indigence.

The young children she had instructed, and her most delightful office was improving those little blossoms; in the pious task, she found herself each day more serene, in this tranquil state she received an account of Sir William Stenton's fate — on Miss Mordaunt's detecting him, he fled to Italy, where, still sedulous in vice, he fell a victim to the resentment of a nobleman to whose wife he had behaved improperly — his death was merited, and Jessy only regretted conviction had not found a way to his heart.

She perceived the ardent passion of Alexis; she acknowledged it was reciprocal



princal—but declared she could never think of bringing a tainted person to his arms.

He could not remonstrate, her determination he knew unalterable, and founded on the nicest honour.

They spend their time in the charming intercourse of Platonick affection.

It is now twenty years since the fatal plot, which commenced her woes.

Goodness and religion have diffused a placidity over her mind and form, exciting veneration and esteem.

She frequently leads the younger of the village-maids to the shade of the lofty trees, which twine across the humble grave of her parents.

Seated

Seated in this awful spot, she relates her hapless tale—they listen with attention—they weep from sympathy, and her words make on their tender minds an indelible impression.

With joyful expectation, she waits the blissful hour, which will launch her from a world of evil—to that haven of eternal rest, where white-robed seraphs stand at the golden gates of bliss, to welcome the approach of the virtuous into never-ending felicity.

**T H E E N D .**

...and her words make on their tender  
 minds an indelible impression.

With joyful expectation the waters  
 the blissful hour, which will launch  
 her from a world of evil—to that  
 haven of eternal rest, where white-  
 robed seraphs stand at the golden gates  
 all bask in welcome the approach of  
 the virtuous into never-ending re-  
 joicing.

THE HISTORY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
JANUARY 1900

ALBERT EINSTEIN

TO THE  
HONORABLE  
THE PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OFFICE OF THE

SECRETARY

CHICAGO, ILL.


DEAR SIR

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours truly,  
ALBERT EINSTEIN






ARMINE THE HERMIT,

AN

ORIENTAL TALE.

BY THE

AUTHORESS OF JESSY.



ARMINE THE HERMIT

ARMINE THE HERMIT

ORIENTAL TALE

ORIENTAL TALE

was the habitation of  
Armine the Hermit, each  
in their little hut, the  
young peasants of the valley  
"My Children," said he  
A UTTERED HIS VOICE  
"the dew of heaven is to the  
"camp the ye of the  
"lesson of to-day."

his

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## ARMINE THE HERMIT,

A N

## ORIENTAL TALE.

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THE cave of the mountain Kessa, was the habitation of Armine the Hermit; each rising sun beheld him instructing the young peasants of the valley; "My Children," said he, "instruction is to the mind what the dew of Heaven is to the earth, be ye attentive to the lesson of to-day."

K

His

His youthful pupils bowed in  
 silence, and seating themselves  
 on the green sod beside him, he  
 thus began:—"Be it now my  
 " task to warn you against the  
 " voice of flattery; tho' encom-  
 " passed with sweets, yet she,  
 " like the bee, retains a sting,  
 " which will inevitably appear  
 " some time or other, and pierce  
 " thee to the quick; I blame  
 " thee not, ye children of the  
 " land, for the unhappy error:  
 " when led by innocence and  
 " nursed by credulity, how can  
 " you be proof, if uninstructed,  
 " against such a Syren: but Alla,  
 " in compassion to your weak-  
 " ness, has sent his hand-maid,  
 " Wisdom, into this globe, and  
 " if enlisted under her standard  
 " and



“ and assisted by the finger of  
 “ the great Prophet, ye shall  
 “ most assuredly escape.

“ Brilliana was reckoned the  
 “ greatest beauty of the East;  
 “ her complexion was clearer  
 “ than the lilly of the vale, and  
 “ the star of evening beamed  
 “ not brighter radiance, than her  
 “ eyes; they sparkled through  
 “ the veil, which, like a thin  
 “ cloud, dimly concealed her  
 “ beauties; the most finished  
 “ symmetry was visible in her  
 “ person, that resembling the  
 “ graceful pine, rose tall and  
 “ majestick; her jetty ringlets  
 “ hung carelessly braided on the  
 “ azure robe, which flowed neg-  
 “ ligently from her shoulders; at  
 K 2 “ her

" her approach, each heart danced  
 " with delight; every countenance  
 " was lightened by admiration;  
 " the croud fell back, as if  
 " struck by the appearance of a  
 " celestial being.

" Scarce sixteen summers had  
 " sped their revolving course over  
 " her head, and her young heart  
 " was filled with giddy rapture  
 " at the adoration she received;  
 " her understanding was strong  
 " and quick; her accomplishments  
 " many; the notes of Philomel  
 " breathed not a sweeter cadence  
 " than her's; no hand touch'd  
 " more delicately the mellifluous  
 " lute; and in the mazy dance,  
 " she appeared as a wood nymph,  
 " wild as the bounding Shamois  
 " that

" that clamber up the scraggy  
 " cliffs of Voska. " come "

" But alas! Brilliana's mind,  
 " ductile as wax, was warped by  
 " adulation, and she disrelished  
 " those rational joys which, like  
 " the mild ever-green, always  
 " appear verdant and pleasing to  
 " the human soul; her uncom-  
 " mon beauty and exalted rank  
 " attracted many admirers, which  
 " with coquetish pleasure, she  
 " feverally encouraged: as a  
 " swarm of butterflies flutter  
 " round a rose, so did those  
 " triflers round the thoughtless  
 " Brilliana, without making the  
 " least impression on her.

" But her guardian Genius did  
 " not permit her to continue  
 " long

“ long in this state of indiffer-  
 “ ence: she presented the accom-  
 “ plished Muley Hassan to her  
 “ view; Muley Hassan was nobly  
 “ born, but his soul was more  
 “ illustrious than his birth, li-  
 “ beral, just and sincere; the  
 “ secrets of nature were open to  
 “ him; he sucked in the precepts  
 “ of the hoary-headed Dervise  
 “ Abiram, whose fame is ex-  
 “ tended through the eastern  
 “ world; he loved Brilliana with  
 “ a passion, at once the most  
 “ ardent and pure; a reciprocal,  
 “ tho’ concealed, flame, warmed  
 “ her breast; Muley Hassan she  
 “ thought the most perfect of  
 “ men; but she imagined he did  
 “ not really regard her, as he  
 “ never launched into those ex-  
 “ travagant



“travagant encomiums her other  
 “admirers bestowed; he treated  
 “her like a woman of sense;  
 “and she wished to be adored as  
 “a goddess.

“In short, my children, the  
 “capricious fair-one tortured her-  
 “self with these reflections; tor-  
 “mented by a passion she thought  
 “not fully returned, peace and  
 “tranquillity fled from her, as  
 “the guileless herd does before  
 “the ravenous beasts of prey;  
 “a favourite slave of Brilliana,  
 “who had gained her confidence,  
 “perceiving the chagrin of her  
 “mistress, thus accosted her.

“Why, cried she, do you thus  
 “banish sleep from your pillow,  
 “and health from your cheeks,  
 “by

" by vexation; let us try to dis-  
 " cover whether Muley Hassan  
 " really loves: jealousy, they say,  
 " is a constant attendant on that  
 " passion, and we will contrive  
 " some pretext to excite it; sup-  
 " pose I disguise myself like a  
 " youth, and meet you in the  
 " arbour that stands in the grove  
 " of cedars, where Muley Hassan  
 " daily walks to enjoy his con-  
 " templations.

" The scheme was embraced  
 " with eagerness, and they ex-  
 " ecuted it: when the resplen-  
 " dent luminary was retiring to  
 " the bosom of the ocean, Muley  
 " Hassan appears; he starts back;  
 " astonished, he sees his beloved  
 " Brilliana caress'd by a youth;  
 " he

" he advances and can scarce  
 " believe himself; he supposes it  
 " an illusion of some evil genius;  
 " he advances to the spot. Oh,  
 " horror! 'tis a reality; the fire  
 " of indignation flashes from his  
 " eyes; he seizes his scymitar,  
 " but his hand is suddenly held,  
 " as if by an invifible power; in  
 " a moment, his rage gives way  
 " to a mournful sadness.

" Mahomet, cried he, I thank  
 " thee; thou haft prevented me  
 " staining myself with blood;  
 " farewell, Brilliana, perhaps when  
 " too late, thou may'ft regret thy  
 " inconstancy, in having loft the  
 " love of thy faithful Muley  
 " Haffan.—He instantly darted  
 " through the windings of the  
 " grove

“ grove; Brilliana, confounded  
 “ and amazed, had no power to  
 “ reply; but when she perceived  
 “ him gone, the most poignant  
 “ anguish seized her; she fran-  
 “ tically screamed out, — Leave  
 “ me not my love, leave me not,  
 “ Muley Hassan:

“ She would have flown after  
 “ him, but the shades of night  
 “ had obscured the horizon, and  
 “ she could only find the path  
 “ which led to her habitation;  
 “ she flung herself on her couch,  
 “ dissolved in tears, and com-  
 “ manded her slaves to retire.  
 “ The arrow of conviction pierced  
 “ her breast; she trembled on  
 “ recollecting the indiscretion of  
 “ her conduct; she saw, too late,  
 “ the



“ the delicate love of Muley  
 “ Hassan, and wildly exclaimed  
 “ she had lost it for ever: her  
 “ agitations at length over-  
 “ powered her, and sleep sealed  
 “ her eyes.

“ Of a sudden, she thought a  
 “ celestial being appeared by the  
 “ side of her couch; he gently  
 “ chid her for the levities of her  
 “ behaviour.

“ Brilliana, cried the beautiful  
 “ spirit, thy follies have drawn  
 “ down the displeasure of the  
 “ Most High upon thee; you  
 “ have slighted an inestimable gift,  
 “ the love of Muley Hassan, who  
 “ has fled far from this place;  
 “ by occasioning his flight, you  
 “ have incensed the great Alla,  
 “ and

" and deprived the indigent of a  
 " benefactor; Oh, Brilliana! be  
 " wife, follow the counsels of  
 " Heaven, forsake pride and dis-  
 " sipation; flee far from their  
 " haunts to some sequestered  
 " gloom, where thou mayest (by  
 " humility and contrition, by re-  
 " collecting the mutability of thy  
 " being, and the impropriety of  
 " thy past life) expiate thy faults.

" She awoke at those words,  
 " convinced the vision was pe-  
 " culiarly designed by a supreme  
 " Power to turn her from her  
 " errors. The day was just  
 " dawning when she arose, and  
 " prostrating herself on the  
 " ground, adored Alla and his  
 " vicegerent Mahomet; while  
 " Armine

"Armine spoke, she perceived at  
 "a distance a pilgrim tottering  
 "along;—My Children, said he,  
 "return to me by to morrow's  
 "sun, for the Genius of the  
 "shade has led a weary tra-  
 "veller hither, and I must offer  
 "him my service."

The pupils instantly retired from  
 the sage to the Cottages in the  
 vally;—Armine hastened to the  
 Pilgrim, "Hail, my son," and  
 "Hail, my father," was their  
 salutation; the voice of Armine  
 trembled as he spoke: it died  
 away for a time, like the breezes  
 of spring.

The Hermit led the stranger to  
 his cave, and spread his store be-  
 fore him, and when a little re-

L

freshed,

freshed, the traveller thus answer'd  
 the Hermit's enquiries; "I am  
 " come a pilgrimage from Mecca:  
 " before the tomb of the mighty  
 " Prophet, I bowed with a heart  
 " fore oppress'd by affliction and  
 " disappointment; I lov'd and  
 " my passion was requited by  
 " inconstancy; who has not heard  
 " of the beauty of Brilliana?  
 " On eagle-wings the fame of  
 " her charms has spread; she,  
 " alas! was the fair-bitter, oh  
 " my father, bitter indeed is the  
 " remembrance of my woes."

The Hermit turned aside to  
 conceal his emotion:—he hurried  
 to a clear spring to take water  
 to wash the feet of his weary  
 guest, and then conducted him to  
 a bed



a bed composed of moss, and those leaves which Autumn sheds on the earth.

The pilgrim awakes in the morning; amazement inexpressible! he beholds Brilliana standing by the bed, lovelier than ever; modesty and humility had overspread her countenance; a placid joy beamed from her eyes, a repentant tear, like the dew of Heaven, trickled on her cheek; one hand was extended to receive his; her robe was white as snow; her veil flowed gracefully to her feet, and a chaplet of the freshest roses hung on her temples; "Muley Hassan," said she, dropping on one knee, "can you receive contrition to your arms?"

Muly Hassan sprung forward,  
 he caught her to his throbbing  
 breast; "Receive you," cried he,  
 "oh, Alla, witness my rapture;  
 "but what brought my Brilliana  
 "to the retreat of Armine the  
 "solitary Hermit?"

"Ah, said she, Armine and I  
 "are one; when I distracted you  
 "by my stratagem, in, having my  
 "slave disguised as a youth to  
 "try your love, I fled hither to  
 "expiate my faults, and tell me,  
 "Muly Hassan, dost thou think  
 "them sufficiently expiated?"

"Yes, cried he, Brilliana, I do;  
 "thy presence has removed my  
 "sorrow, which, like a poisonous  
 "canker, preyed upon me; wel-  
 "come, thrice welcome, thou  
 "long-

“ long-lost fugitive to my arms:  
 “ and may Alla bless our love!”

While he spoke, the cave  
 rocked around them, a refulgent  
 glory dazzled their sight, and a  
 Genius stood before them; his  
 aspect was awful and benevolent;  
 “ I am Aziel, said he, the guardian  
 “ Genius of Muley Hassan and  
 “ Brilliana, I have watched over  
 “ your footsteps, and beheld with  
 “ pity those passions which in-  
 “ volved you in a labyrinth of  
 “ error; but penitence obliterates  
 “ all offences in his sight, who  
 “ is almighty and all-merciful;  
 “ — you, Muley Hassan, were  
 “ too hasty in judging of Bril-  
 “ liana’s conduct; you, Brilliana,  
 “ were swayed by vanity and ca-  
 L 3 price,

"price, but your eyes are opened;  
 "the mist which dimm'd your  
 "brighter faculties is withdrawn,  
 "and conviction, like the sun,  
 "dawns upon you my Children,"  
 continued the benignant Genius;  
 approaching and joining their  
 hands, "Be ye happy; the page  
 "of adversity has taught you wis-  
 "dom, her precepts are bitter,  
 "but efficacious; the blessing of  
 "Alla be upon ye; be virtuous,  
 "for felicity unutterable is the  
 "result of virtue."

They sunk prostrate on the  
 ground in silent veneration; and  
 Brilliana, overpowered by joy,  
 covered her face with her veil;  
 and in silence adored her Creator.

The



The Genius now left the cave, and spreading his glittering pinions, in a moment ascended the portals of Paradise; the enraptured pair were aroused from their extacy, by approaching footsteps; no other than the humble cottagers, who had daily attended the fictitious Hermit to receive instruction.

Brilliana appeared at the entrance of the cave; the amazing shepherds, struck with awe, started, as she flung back her veil: Such transcendant beauty they had never, till that period, seen; "Surely," cried they, 'tis an "Houra who has visited the "Mountain of Keffa."

They

They would have kneeled, but  
 Brilliana benignantly smiling, cried,  
 " Kneel not to me thy fellow  
 " creature; I am that Brilliana  
 " whose story I yesterday related  
 " to you; Armine the Hermit is  
 " gone, but a sincere friend still  
 " remains; I was the fictitious  
 " Hermit, and the Pilgrim you  
 " beheld, my Muley Hassan.  
 " Come, my companions, who  
 " didst receive the instructions of  
 " her whom experience had made  
 " wise; come join me and the  
 " beloved partner of my heart  
 " in thanksgiving to that Being,  
 " whose hand alone has effected  
 " this happiness; for sweetly,  
 " sweetly acceptable are the pray-  
 " ers of the innocent; the mi-  
 " nistring

" niffring Genii bear them on  
 " their filver wings to Heaven,  
 " and the recording Angel of  
 " Alla marks them on the tablets  
 " of eternity."

"sitting Genii bear them on  
their silver wings to heaven  
and the rooming Angel of

the East

is seated on the clouds, and  
his hands are joined in prayer

and the East

THE EAST

THE EAST

THE EAST

THE EAST

THE EAST

THE EAST

THE EAST



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**H A S S A N,**

**AN**

**O R I E N T A L T A L E.**

**BY THE**

**S A M E A U T H O R E S S.**

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# H A S S A N H A S S A N

ORIENTAL TALE

ORIENTAL TALE

THE bright rays of that  
splendid luminary which strikes  
the religious mind with  
awe, had just chased away the  
dark shades of night, when the  
AUTHOR'S  
among the gloomy windings of the

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the heart was closed  
discovery and its  
of

## H A S S A N.

## ORIENTAL TALE.

**T**HE bright rays of that resplendent luminary which strike the religious Persians' minds with awe, had just chased away the dark shades of night, when Hassan left his mossy couch, and retired among the gloomy windings of the Forest Shakarah.

His heart was clouded with discontent, and he secretly re-  
M pined,

pined, that the all-wise Alla had  
~~not endowed him with wealth :~~  
 his humble cottage, though shaded  
 by tall poplars and encompassed  
 by chrystal springs, afforded him  
 no pleasure; the oaten reed of  
 the shepherd, or the sportive  
 frolics of the snowy flock, that  
 fed on the opposite mountains,  
 gave him no delight; he sigh'd  
 for magnificence; instead of con-  
 templating those below him, he  
 raised his eyes to the proud  
 princes of the land, and envied  
 them their wealth :

In fullen accents, he thus ex-  
 pressed his discontent; "Unhappy  
 "that I am, sunk amongst a herd  
 "of mean cottagers whom I de-  
 "spise; surrounded by views of  
 "that



" that wealth my soul pants as  
 " ardently after as the flying hart  
 " does for the curling vine, under  
 " whose spreading leaves it may  
 " find a refuge from its pursuers;  
 " never more shall this wretched  
 " breast enjoy peace: no, this  
 " mean station, like impenetrable  
 " armour, excludes each ray of  
 " the soul-cheering guest."

Scarce had he finished, when  
 ambrosial exhalations were wafted  
 around him, and from a purple  
 cloud, skirted with gold, a beauti-  
 ful female descended; she ap-  
 peared like those celestial nymphs  
 that repose among the fragrant  
 bowers of the great Prophet  
 Mahomet: her robe was whiter  
 than the snow which covers the

valley of Shelnar: a crown of  
fresh-blown rose-buds adorned her  
polished temples, and the radiant  
majesty of virtue circled her person.

“Haffan,” said she, “I am the  
“messenger of the mighty Alla,  
“who, full of compassion, behold-  
“eth the toils of men; he formed  
“them for felicity, but from ex-  
“perience alone he allows them  
“to learn the path which truly  
“attains to it;—you are dissatis-  
“fied, the gaudy banner of am-  
“bition hath dazzled you; your  
“desire wealth, you think its  
“possession will make you happy;  
“—I am permitted to inform you  
“that ere to-morrow’s Sun gilds  
“the mountains, your wish will  
“be gratified; a cavern lies at  
“the

"the bottom of your garden,  
 "retire to it, and regain content."

She spread her glittering pinions,  
 and in a moment ascended the  
 ethereal regions.

Hassan prostrated himself to the  
 earth, and, in a voice of rapture,  
 poured forth his thanksgiving to  
 the great Alla: and then, with the  
 rapidity of a roe, bounded to the  
 cave to which the beautiful fe-  
 male had directed him; where he  
 found riches that amazed him;  
 piles of massy gold, silver rising in  
 splendid columns to the ceiling,  
 vases of orientall pearls and  
 diamonds, whose refulgent rays  
 brightened the dusky horrors of  
 the cave.

Hassan now thought himself happy: he purchased magnificent palaces, he bought the fairest slaves of Circassia, his stables were filled with the choicest camels, whose trappings were composed of the most gorgeous materials: but amidst all this ostentatious splendor, he was surprised still to find a void in his breast.

Sometimes he was eclipsed by competitors that pierced, like the arrow of the subtle archer, his vanity; at other times, a beautiful favourite fair would elope from his seraglio, and often his stewards went off with large sums of his long-sighed-for wealth; these events kept his mind agitated as the waters of the Tygris: he  
almost



almost regretted having obtained this wish: "What," cried he, "are riches without knowledge, to conduct us in the management of them, can grandeur be compared to the wisdom of the sages who reside under the mighty hill of Ada; no, it is only a mind, cultivated like theirs, which can yield real content."

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when a melodious voice, echoing through the vaulted arch, proclaimed: "Hassan, thy wish is gratified, and regaining tranquillity." Overpowered in a flood of joy, he sunk back upon his couch, and for a time the leaden sceptre of sleep absorbed his senses.

Upon

Upon opening his eyes, to his amazement, he found himself transported to a fertile valley, far removed from his splendid palace and numerous domestics; he was delighted with the transition; his soul was illumin'd by wisdom; and he determined immediately to begin his journey in pursuit of those abstruse studies that please the scientific sons of men.

He travelled to various kingdoms, he pursued learning with avidity, and the great folio of nature was perused with attention by him; he endeavoured to solve difficulties, and to account for the influence which various passions have over the human mind; but he soared too high, his imagination was

was bewildered in the search: like a venturesome traveller, who prompted by delusive hope, penetrates too far into the intricate windings of a labyrinth, and finds, when fatally involved, no clue to extricate him from it; superior knowledge had also opened his eyes to the duplicity of men: he saw them in their true colours; disgust succeeded; he loathed their society, and content was as distant as ever from his heart.

The words which the lovely female had uttered now recurred to him; "Alas," said she, "has form'd man for felicity; but from experience alone allows him to learn the path that attains to it;"—"from that path," exclaimed

exclaimed he, "I have erred;—  
 "I was dissatisfied with his gifts,  
 "and he hath granted my wishes  
 "that I might be convinced how  
 "fallible all earthly ones are,  
 "and how little the short-sighted  
 "eyes of sublunary beings can  
 "scan the gifts which are best  
 "calculated to ensure their hap-  
 "piness."

He prostrated himself on the  
 ground, he watered it with his  
 tears; he implored the Almighty's  
 pardon for his murmuring and  
 uneasiness. The mirror of self-  
 reflection display'd his errors; his  
 whole soul was filled with re-  
 pentant sorrow; real contrition  
 soon ascends to the infinite Power  
 who inhabits the third Heaven;—  
 in



in a few moments, encompass'd  
with refulgent brightness, an  
invisible hand raised him, and  
he beheld the Genius who had  
announced the accomplishment of  
his now regretted wishes.

"Sincere repentance," cried he,  
"like the fountain's translucent  
"wave, obliterates each stain;  
"the all-wise Creator knows the  
"frailties of his creatures;—  
"divine compassion makes allow-  
"ances for them; temptations are  
"purposely assigned as trials, and  
"for those who resist them, im-  
"mortal joys are treasured in  
"the celestial paradise of Ma-  
"homet: those who are seduced,  
"may, by sincere contrition, ex-  
"piate their guilt; you, Hassan,  
"were

" were dissatisfied with the station  
 " in which Providence placed  
 " you; the attainment of your  
 " idle wishes you thought would  
 " restore content; they were  
 " granted; and experience has  
 " removed the mist that clouded  
 " her mind.

" Learn, Hassan, and let the im-  
 " portant truth be engraved in  
 " indelible characters on the tablet  
 " of your memory, That 'tis not  
 " the splendid palace or the wis-  
 " dom of the sages which con-  
 " stitute happiness; no, it is a  
 " resolution, strong as the basis  
 " of the towering mountain, to  
 " BE SATISFIED WITH WHAT-  
 " EVER THE DECREES OF THE  
 " ALMIGHTY APPOINT, to regard,  
 " with

" with delightful pleasure, your  
 " station, however lowly, to fulfil  
 " its duties, and never let the  
 " glittering pageantry of pompous  
 " magnificence allure your mind;  
 " raise not your eyes, with en-  
 " vious desire, to those above  
 " you, but with humility regard  
 " those below you; ne'er let the  
 " wisdom of the sages distract  
 " your brain; be satisfied you  
 " possess sufficient to conduct you  
 " through life with virtue. Now,  
 " Hassan, return to thy humble  
 " dwelling, where conviction to  
 " the truth of my words will  
 " soothe your breast with un-  
 " ruffled tranquillity."

Then, smiling with benign com-  
 passion, she was instantly wafted  
 to the mansion of the blessed.

N

Hassan

Hassan first expressed his gratitude to the mighty Alla, then arose and hastened, with all the alacrity of a soul released from inquietude, to his cottage, by the side of the forest Shakarah; here he obeyed the mandates of the beauteous spirit, he cultivated the blessings within his reach; the innocent recreations of the shepherds, delighted him; the sportive gambols of their flocks pleased him; each night he was refreshed by undisturbed slumbers, and in the morning he arose to worship the Almighty, and enjoy the works of his handmaid Nature. This important truth never forsook him, That only from a mind determined to be resigned to the dispensations of the Supreme Being,



Being, real content can spring,  
 without whose efficacious aid, life  
 would be a burthen. From this  
 little tale, a moral is derived,  
 which should be engraved on  
 every mind; that IF DISSATIS-  
 FIED WITH OUR OWN STATION,  
 WE NEVER CAN ENJOY HAP-  
 PINESS.

THE END.

That real content can spring  
 without whole officious aid, life  
 would be a burden. From this  
 little tale a moral is derived,  
 which should be engraved on  
 every minister of disaster.  
 Read with a view to station,  
 we have enjoyed our part.



THE END

